

There was a time, a time for secrets. We'd walk together in the forest, hand in hand. We'd look uneasy, cold and pallid. Then we'd find some magic mushrooms and we'd skip across the clouds.

We danced for the old gods, danced for the new gods, danced for the ones we never heard about. Danced for the old days, danced for the new ways, Danced for the phase no-one talks about.

Tonight I feel nostalgic, feeling happy. And the powder in my pocket's crying ``Eat me! Eat me! Eat me!'' Could be my age, I could be going crazy. 'Cause I know you feel the same way, I can see it in your eyes.

I got my crown, I got my scepter. Letters on my buttons spell Napoleon. I'll give you money, give you power, I'll give you a palace in the Amazon.

Do you think that they'll lock us away? Padded cells, packet-soup on alternate days? Maybe we should behave in a normal way. Face facts, face the real world.

A shadow rests, suggests no entry. A tramp complains, collapses weeping gently. A figure smiles and shines a blade discretely. And the drains ad-libbed a soundtrack as he picked his victim out.

He sang in the rain, he danced in the thunder, Bowed as we bellowed from the balcony. Stepped on a hand, set fire to a handbag, Slipped as the sparks skipped across his knees.

The song decayed in suits of amber. Coughing as they burned in glowing embers. A priest held up his hands, said ``It's over.'' We nodded wisely, scooped the ash and cast it to the wind.

We played in the neon, bade out the paeons, slobbering in tongues to the subway gods. Just like the old days, rituals and red wine. Hair all tangled and covered in blood. Do you think that they'll lock us away?